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Let's start this story off. So, when Crow was born, or, 2 weeks after, both her brother and sister died of green cough, since they were born in the winter. So, after the death of their biggest kits, Crow was the only one left. Snake and Petal, her parents, became very protective over Crow and they didn't let her leave the den until she was 3 moons old. Their den was a pile of rocks, but it had a large gap under it, and both Snake and Petal dug it out more around 3 months before they even thought about having kits. The den was about 4 fox lengths long, 5 fox lengths wide, and 1 fox length high. It was huge. They had one deeper place, which was barely big enough to fit a cat inside it. It was used for storing prey. It had leaves all around the walls, and moss on the bottom. A large stone blocked off the entrance, so nothing could get into except for Crow's parents. Crow obviously didn't like that. But one terrible day, when Crow was 6 moons old, she left the den. And she went to search for her parents. She sniffed the air, and a horrible smell entered her nose. A badger. Crow smelled blood as well. She ran toward the smell and hid under a bush. She saw something terrible. Her parents were in a fight with the badger she smelled. Well, her mother was already dead, and her father, who was only about half the size of the badger, was furious. He threw himself at the badger and it flung him away with one huge paw. Crow watched in horror as Snake crashed against the tree, and blood spattered all over. Her father slowly slid down the tree, leaving a streak of blood that ran down the tree. Crow, now blinded by shock and fear, ran off as fast as she could. Her heart was pounding, she couldn't stop thinking about how she would never make it. She was going to die. No matter what she did. All her horrible thoughts stopped when she barreled into a huge tom.

"Oh! I-I-I sorry... my p-parents... they're d-dead... badger... !" she

stuttered and staggered backwards, then collapsed. Everything faded away and the tom looked at the kit, tilting his head.

"What the?" he hissed, grabbing the now unconscious she-cat by her tail, and dragging her off to his den. "Whatever, if she dies, I'll throw her in the river, if she lives, I'll still probably throw her in the river." the tom chuckled. "Or, maybe, she can be my mate..." He grinned, and waited for a few days for the she-cat to wake up.

When she finally did wake up, the tom looked at her with loving, caring eyes. Which were obviously a lie. Crow looked up at him, and smiled back. "Th-Thanks for... uh saving me..." She meowed quietly.

"No problem, what's your name? Mine is Rowan, by the way." He asked her gently. *Great, she's even super shy and submissive!* Rowan thought to himself. *She'll be easy to toy with...*

"My name is.. uh.. Crow..." she replied, looking down at her paws.

"Nice to see you're finally awake. Follow me, and I'll show you my brother and his clan." Rowan smiled. Crow rose to her tiny, white paws unsteadily, and followed Rowan. She asked him many questions, and he eventually got sick of her chattering. "Look, I can't answer all your questions right now, so please shut up." Rowan growled through clenched teeth. Crow looked down at her paws and walked behind the tom, crouched low.

"H-How long d-does it take to get there...?" Crow asked nervously.

"We're almost there. And didn't I tell you to shut your trap?" He spun around, hissing. Crow shrank back and Rowan felt a shiver run down his spine and he flexed his claws. Rowan promptly spun round and twitched his tail, signaling for Crow to continue following. Once they got there, Rowan greeted his brother, Robyn, a gray tom with reddish brown legs and white toes. Robyn looked back at Crow.

"Is that dinner?" Robyn asked, grinning.

"What? No, are you a cannibal?" Rowan hissed, standing in front of

Crow defensively. "She's my.. mate." He looked back at her and her ears went back and she looked at her paws. He knew she didn't like it here. So after six moons of terror and fear, Crow finally convinced Rowan to move. They went into the forest, and moved right near a clan territory. Though, Rowan didn't care. After a few weeks, Crow was expecting kits.

"R-Rowan...?" Crow murmured.

"What?" he replied with a hiss.

"I'm expecting kits... in maybe two weeks." Crow meowed. Rowan let out a snort.

"Whatever, they better be mine," Rowan growled, not turning around to look at her. He was curled up in his nest at their den, "If they're not, then, they'll be dead. Or if they seem weak." He laughed. Crow shrank back and wrapped her tail around her belly. She didn't like being with Rowan. But if she tried to escape, he'd kill her for sure. And if she killed him, which she couldn't bring herself to do, Robyn would find out, since Rowan visited his brother every full moon. Crow sighed and hoped that Rowan didn't kill her kits.

During the two weeks, Rowan didn't seem to care that Crow was pregnant. He still refused to hunt for her, and beat her, and did horrible things to her. And once the kits were born, they were skinny and dead. All four of them. Rowan hissed furiously.

"You... you gave birth to dead kits? Are you good for anything?" he snarled, scratching Crow's ear.

"Me? You're the one who abused me and refused to feed me! It's your fault that your kits are dead! You're the one who's good for nothing! You're a cold-blooded murderer!" Crow snarled in response, but instantly regretted it.

"How dare you speak to me in such a manner!" Rowan kicked the limp bodies of the kits aside and raked his claws down Crow's sides. She yowled in agony as his claws ripped her flesh. "You can bury the damn dead kits. You worthless sack of fur. If you don't bury them, I'll feed them to the badgers." Rowan stormed off, and Crow

buried her kits sadly. She then realized that with Rowan a bit far away from her, she could run. She went to make a run for it, but Rowan knew she was going to and he ran at her, and pounced on her, using one paw to hold her down. "You belong to me. If you ever try to leave again, I will skin you alive." He whispered a growl in her ear. He then lifted his paw off of her, and she limped into the den, still bleeding from the large scratch on her side. Later that month, about 4 days before Rowan would be returning to see Robyn, he took Crow into the clan territories to hunt. She didn't exactly like this idea.

"A-Are you sure we sh-should do this?" Crow asked quietly.

"I don't know, are you doubting my strength?" Rowan snorted, and spun around to face Crow.

"I just... d-don't think you can t-take on an entire clan..." Crow crouched low to the ground, staring at a bug that crawled near her paws.

"Well, I don't think you can do anything, you flea-bitten mange-pelt!" Rowan snarled. Crow stood up, and lifted her head up to look at Rowan's eyes. She barely came up to his chest, and he lifted one paw, and smacked her in the side of her face with unsheathed claws. She slid across the pebbly, dust ground, leaving a few blood streaks in the dirt. Crow got up, and ran at Rowan, but he again, shoved her aside. When she came at him the second time, he tackled her and pinned her to the ground. Lucky for Crow, a clan tom heard them, and came to see what was going on. Unluckily for Crow, he didn't come to help, he just watched. "Honestly, Crow, I seriously think you have a death wish. Don't you?"

"When I'm around you, damn right I have a death wish!" Crow snarled. "I'd rather die then be your 'mate'!" Rowan chuckled.

"Very well." Rowan went for the death blow, but before he did, he sniffed the air. He smelled a tom. He spun around quickly, releasing Crow and running at the tom, pinning him to a tree with one paw to the throat. Rowan slid his paw upward, and lifted the tom off the ground. Crow jumped into a pine tree, and watched from above. Her fur fluffed up as Rowan unsheathed his claws and blood slowly

began to leak from the tom's neck. She knew she had to do something. She jumped out of the tree, but landed wrong for the attack. She landed right onto Rowan's head. And below her mate's head, was a large rock. She landed on his head with such a force that his head basically exploded all over. Blood splattered all over the ground, and Crow. The she-cat, now dripping with her own mate's blood collapsed, and blacked out. The last thing she heard before she was out, was the concerned meow of the tom she saved.

When Crow awoke, she was clean and surrounded by many curious eyes. One cat in particular, was a reddish brown top coated she-cat with a white under belly and bright blue eyes. She looked at Crow, joy filling her gaze. "You're awake! Oh, and congratulations! You're expecting kits!"

"Wait, what? N-No! I don't want Rowan's kits.... they won't have a father, and their father... he was horrible!" Crow stammered. "Who are you? Who are all of you?" She panicked.

"Calm down dear, you're in shock still. You need to calm down. And you have several wounds. You don't want to reopen them." The medicine cat meowed.

This part, nobody is going to care about. Crow is accepted into the clan, but does not receive a new name. She keeps her old name and she gives birth to three healthy kits. One is a gray tom with black and white spots, who she names Patchkit, the second is a white she-kit with orange, brown, and gray patches, who she names Pebblekit, and the last kit is a reddish-brown tabby she-kit, similar to her father, just with a dark brown tail, who she names Otterkit. And since Rowan didn't visit Robyn, he came looking for Crow. And once he found her in the clan, he threatened to kill them all, unless Crow fought him, one on one. The story will pick up there.

"Alright, it's time to go to battle..." Crow grinned slightly. She brought two warriors with her, both toms. And once they went to the river, Robyn waited there. Crow signaled the attack and watched the two huge toms maul Robyn. After the biggest tom broke Robyn's spine, Crow threw him into the river, watching with great pleasure as the tom drowned, and floated away down the river limply. She then ran up to the tom she saved, who was at the

fight, grinned, then laughed in his face, and ran off toward camp. Once she arrived at camp, she entered the nursery. She looked at her kits with a demented look on her face and grabbed Patchkit by the back and threw him into the air, and killed him. She then did the same to Pebblekit, killing her, and the same to Otterkit. But she was not dead. Crow didn't notice, and she went on to kill the tom she saved's mate, and her three kits. Crow, now covered in blood, ripped open her own belly and began to eat her own intestines, but died with them in her mouth, and blood pooled around her body, and Otterkit, wide-eyed and terrified, she looked at her mother. Otterkit struggled to stand, considering she had severe wounds on her back and sides. The tiny, 1 moon old kit collapsed in front of her dead mother. The clan looked at Crow and the bloody mess she made, and they took her body. They didn't bury her since they thought she didn't deserve it. Otterkit lay motionless. She eventually stopped breathing, and died of wounds and shock.